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# Elder Jenkins' Reception

By

Willis N. Bugbee

Price 25 Cents

The Willis N. Bugbee Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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**THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.**

Bugbee's Popular Plays

# ELDER JENKINS' RECEPTION

By

Willis N. Bugbee

*Author of "Coonville 'Ristocrat Club," "The Deacon's Honeymoon," "Billy's Aunt Jane," "Peggy of Primrose Farm," "Polly at Sunshine Cottage," "Aunt Sophronia at College," etc., etc.*

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# Elder Jenkins' Reception

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## CHARACTERS

Rev. Moody Dwight Jenkins ..... *The new pastor*
Deacon Astor Gould Blueblood ..... *A rich parishoner*
Rufus Rastus Simmons ..... *The Host*
Ebenezer Alexander Baldhead ..... *Who likes to shoot craps*
Moses Mordecai Hambone ..... *A breaker of ladies' hearts*
Sam Augustus Porterhouse ..... *A tonsorial artist*
Jeremiah Cicero Perkins ..... *In love with Liza*
Lucindy Chloe Simmons ..... *The hostess*
Deuteronomy Simmons ..... *Daughter of Rufus and Lucindy*
Ophelia Pearline Snowdrop ..... *With an eye on the pastor*
Mrs. Tilly Arabella Baldhead ..... *Wife of Ebenezer*
Mandy Lulu Beanpod ..... *An eligible young lady*
Juliana Susanna Shaw ..... *Another eligible*
Liza Love Jackson ..... *In love with Jeremiah*
Mrs. Lilly Rosebud Porterhouse ..... *Wife of Sam*

Time—*Any time.*
Place—*Coonville*
Time of Playing—*About one hour*

## COSTUMES

Elder Jenkins wears a long black clerical coat, trousers much too long for him, white shirt, very high standing collar and spectacles.

Deacon Blueblood is very portly. Wears dark clothes, white shirt, large standing collar and sports a huge buttonhole bouquet.

Moses is dressed very flashily.

Mandy, Ophelia and Juliana wear gay-colored dresses with vari-colored ribbons and "gew-gaws."

Others wear eccentric or outlandish costumes.

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A man or boy may imitate the crowing of the rooster behind scenes.

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# Elder Jenkins' Reception

SCENE: *A living room at the Simmons home. Furnishings consist of wooden benches, kitchen chairs and any other dilapidated pieces. Cheap chromos and advertising pictures hang on the wall.*

MRS. LUCINDY SIMMONS *is discovered sewing buttons on a pair of trousers.*

LUCINDY. Mah goodness! I nebber see a pair of trouserloons wat needed so much mendin' as dese, specially fo' a man wat don't work no more'n my Rufus does. He's nuffin' but a reg'lar born setter.

RUFUS (*in bedroom*). Hey, Cindy, ain't yo' got dem pants mos' done?

LUCINDY. Lawdy sakes! How yo' spect I get 'em done in two minutes when yo'se purty nigh sot 'em all out?

RUFUS. Can't yo' hurry some? I'se plumb sick an' tiahed ob layin' in bed.

LUCINDY. I nebber see de beat. A man wat likes to set so much hadn't orter grumble 'bout a little layin'.

RUFUS. But I'se been in bed mos' two hours a'ready, Cindy.

LUCINDY. Can't he'p it. Yo' ain't got but one pair. I'se got de patches all done but I'se gotter sew de 'spender buttons on.

RUFUS. Reckon dem buttons am all right, Cindy. Yo' don't need to bodder wif dem.

LUCINDY. Don't hey? Don't yo' fool yo'sef. I ain't gwine hab no man ob mine wif his pants fallin' off at de pahson's reception. No, sah. If yo' don't wanter lay abed yo' can put on my ol' skirt wat hangs ober de back of dat cheer in dar. (*To audience.*) Dat man am de mos' onreasonablist man I ebber seed. He don't care no mo' how he looks dan nuffin' tall—no mo' dan one of dem African jungle men. He don't care if his clothes am all rags or if he don't hab none tall. Jes' look dar. Don't dem look bettah dan holes? (*Holds up trousers showing gay colored patches at back.*) Co'se dey does.

(*Enter* RUFUS, *wearing skirt.*)

LUCINDY. Well, mah goodness! Yo' did get yo'sef inside dat skirt, didn't yo'?

RUFUS. I sho' did but it am a mighty close fit. My stummick an' libber am all squshed in togedder. Say, Lucindy! I jes' wondah why 'tis we has to hab all de receptions an' sociabilities an' sech like heah at our house an' nobody else ebber has any. 'Tain't case we'se rich an' powahful lak Deacon Blueblood.

LUCINDY. Dat's jes' de reason. It's case we ain't rich dat we has 'em.

RUFUS. How come dat?

LUCINDY. Case we'se so po' we has to lib in a barn 'stead ob a real house an' dey ain't nobody else got sech big rooms as we has. Barn rooms am allers biggah dan house rooms.

RUFUS. Reckon yo' am right, Cindy, sho' nuff.

LUCINDY. Co'se I'se right. An' if 'twan't fo' dat we nebber could move in sech high-tone s'ciety as we does. Dat's how de Lawd done bress de po'.

RUFUS. Den why fo' am yo' allers grumblin', Cindy? Jes' tell me dat. Yo'se allers callin' me a shifless, ornery niggah wat nebber does a stroke ob work. Don't I provide yo' wif de grub?

LUCINDY. Deed yo' does, 'ceptin' wat I earns mysef by washin'. But whar does yo' get it?

RUFUS. Sh—! Don't ask dat question in de night-time. De preacher sez las' Sunday, "De night hab a tousand yeahs."

(*Enter* OPHELIA SNOWDROP.)

OPHELIA. 'Scuse me, I jes' walk in 'thout knockin'.

LUCINDY. Dat's right, Ophelia. We don't care fo' seremony, specially long's it's yo'.

OPHELIA. I knows yo' don't. (*Sees* RUFUS.) Well, he! he! he! he! he! Am dat de new style of ebenin' weah fo' men? He! he! he!

RUFUS. 'Scuse me also, Miss Ophelia, but if yo' only knows how I'se suff'rin yo' wouldn't laugh—deed yo' wouldn't.

LUCINDY. He ain't got nuffin' else to weah while I'se mendin' his pants fo' de reception. Dar now! Dey's all done. Yo' can hab 'em.

RUFUS. Bress de Lawd. (*Takes trousers and exits.*)

OPHELIA. Speakin' ob de reception, I heahs dat preacher am gwine be a gweat catch fo' some un'propriated cullud lady.

LUCINDY. I spects dat's why yo'se on han' so early, ain't it?

OPHELIA. Well, I ain't 'sinuatin' nor makin' no prognostications, but I'se heah jes' de same.

LUCINDY. Well, do sot down. I'se gotter get my clean apron on fo' dem receptioners gets heah. (*Proceeds to put on apron, brush hair, etc.*)

OPHELIA (*sitting down*). Dey says as how Mandy Beanpod an' Juliana Susanna Shaw am' bof settin' dere caps fo' him, an' I lows if dey does I ain't gwinter be beat out by no sech trash as dey is.

LUCINDY. I hopes yo' hab bettah luck dan I did when I got my ol' man Rufus. He sho' am de limit.

(*Sound of rooster crowing in kitchen.*)

LUCINDY. Fo' de lan' sakes! (*Calling.*) Deuteronomy! Deuteronomy! Is yo' dar?

DEUT. (*head at door*). Yes um, wat yo' want, maw?

LUCINDY. Stop dat rooster's noise. Gib it sumpin to eat an' shut it up in de clothes press quick as scat.

DEUT. Yes, maw, I sho' will fix him.

LUCINDA. Hustle, case dem receptioners is gwine come mighty soon an' some ob 'em might rec'nize dat voice. (*Exit* DEUTERONOMY.)

OPHELIA. Dey's comin' now. I heahs 'em down de street.

(*Rooster crows again.*)

LUCINDY. Lawdy sakes! Dar's dat rooster crowin' again. (*Goes to kitchen door.*) Hurry up wif dat rooster, Deuteronomy. Dey's comin'.

DEUT. (*outside*). Git in dar yo' ol' rattlebox. (*To* LUCINDY.) Dar! I'se got him now, maw.

(*Enter* RUFUS.)

RUFUS. What's gwine on heah? Wat's all de rumpus 'bout?

LUCINDY. Nuffin' only dat ol' rooster yo' fotched home las' night has done sot up his yawp an' we'se had to shut him up in de clothes press.

RUFUS. Am dat all. Whar's de reception folks? Ain't dey come yet?

OPHELIA. Dey's comin', Mistah Simmons. Can't yo' heah 'em laughin' an' talkin'?

(*A knock at the door.*)

RUFUS. Sho' nuff. Come right in, folkses! Come right erlong in.

(*Enter* EBENEZER BALDHEAD, MRS. BALDHEAD, MOSES HAMBONE, JULIANA SHAW, MANDY BEANPOD, LIZA JACKSON, SAM PORTERHOUSE MRS. PORTERHOUSE *and* JEREMIAH PERKINS. *They carry baskets and boxes.*)

SEVERAL. Howdy do, Rufus! Howdy do, Cindy!

(*General greetings follow.*)

MOSES. Hi golly! If heah ain't Miss Ophelia Snowdrop done got de staht ob us. Spect she's makin' a rush fo' de new preacher.

JULIANA *and* MANDY. My goodness! Did yo' ebber!

OPHELIA. Now Moses Hambone, wha' fo' yo' done tell sech a whopper as dat? Yo' knows bettah.

LUCINDY. Ebrybody fotch yo' eatables out heah an' Deuteronomy'll take keer ob 'em.

(*All carry baskets, etc., to kitchen and immediately file back again.*)

RUFUS. Ain't de Elder come yet?

EBEN. No sah. Deacon Blueblood am gwine to fotch him in his new flivver. Dey'll be heah fo' long if dey don't run off in de ditch an' get combusticated.

SAM. Did yo' heah how much de deacon done paid fo' dat Lizzie ob his?

JEREMIAH. I heah he paid twenty-fibe dollahs fo' it.

SAM (*to* EBENEZER). Twenty-fibe dollars? Didn't yo' say it was a new one, Ebenezer?

EBEN. I fo'got now wat I did say.

JEREMIAH. I spects dat flivver was new 'bout fohteen yeahs ago. It am de one wat ol' Squire Wright (*use any local name*) used to ride in fo' de war.

(*The horn of auto is heard outside.*)

OPHELIA. Oh, heah dey comes now. My heart am thumpin' on my rib bones jes' lak it wanter jump out.

MRS. PORTERHOUSE. Gracious Peter! Don't let it jump out, Miss Ophelia, case dem young fellahs ober dar would break dere necks tryin' to grab it.

(*Enter* DEACON BLUEBLOOD *and* ELDER JENKINS.)

SEVERAL. Good ebenin', Deacon.

DEACON. Good ebenin', ebrybody.

RUFUS. Come right erlong in an' hab some cheers. I reckon likely dis am our new Elder ain't it?

DEACON. Yes sah, dat's him. An' now, ladies an' gemmans an' odders—I wishes to present to yo' collectively, dis cullud gemman wat has come to be de shepherdess—I mean to watch out fo' de shepherdess—er rather, I mean he has come as a shepherd to watch ober dis little flock ob sinnahs wat am gathered heah dis ebenin', but some ob dem—de bigges' sinnahs ob all ain't heah. Ladies an' gemmans, dis am de Rev'rend Moody Dwight Jenkins. (*Elder bows.*)

ALL (*in medley*). Welcome, welcome, Mistah Jenkins. (*All try to shake hands.*) Give us yo' hand.

DEACON. Hol' on dar! Hol' on dar, folks! Yo'se all gwinter hab a chance to shake dice wif de Elder—

SEVERAL. Wat's dat? Say it again. (ELDER *whispers to* DEACON.)

DEACON. 'Scuse me. I mean to shake hands wif de' Elder.

MOSES. Did I understan' yo' to say yo'se gwine take up a collection?

DEACON. No sah, I didn't say nuffin' of de kin'.

MOSES. Wat did yo' say 'bout collection?

DEACON. I done say I would interjuce yo' to him collectably, dat is all to once.

MOSES *and* OTHERS. O-oh! Dat suah am a gweat relief.

DEACON. 'An now I'se gwine interjuce each one ob yo' to de Elder separably. De Elder an' mysef will stan' ober on dis side ob de room an' de sinnahs—

EBEN. Keerful, Deacon, keerful.

DEACON. 'Scuse me again. I mean de flock—dat is yo' folks, will all get in de bread line on de odder side.

SAM. De bread line? Whar is we sposed to be at?

DEACON. No, no; I mean jes' a common ord'nary line, an' den yo' is gwine pass 'roun one by one so I can interjuce yo' to him.

MRS. BALD. Sumpin lak de animals went into de ark?

SAM. No sah, case—

"De animals went in two by two,
De elerfunt an' de kangaroo."

DEACON. If yo'se all got froo wif yo' foolishness we'll proceed wif de interjection. Step right roun' dis way. (*Motions. They form in line in order of introduction.* DEUTERONOMY *appears in doorway.*)

DEUT. Say, Maw, can't I hab an interjection to de Elder?

LUCINDY. Well, stan' in line as de Deacon tol' us.

DEUT. Which end shall I stan' on?

LUCINDY. On yo' feet end ob co'se. (*She takes place at end of line.*)

DEACON (*introducing* MOSES). Elder Jenkins, dis am one ob de bigges' sinnahs wat yo' will hab to contend wif—Mistah Moses Mordecai Hambone.

ELDER (*shaking hands*). I is gweatly pleased to meet yo', Mistah Hambone. By de way, wat am his mos' besettin' sin, Deacon?

DEACON. Why, yo' see he is—dat is—er—he is a breakah ob ladies' hearts. Yo' can ask any ob dese young ladies if 'tain't de truf.

SEVERAL GIRLS. No sah, 'tain't de truf. We don't hab nuffin' to do wif dat ol' Hambone. We don't gib him no chance.

DEACON. 'Scuse me, ladies. I didn't mean no 'fense. De nex' am Juliana Susanna Shaw an' Mandy Lulu Beanpod.

OPHELIA. Deacon Blueblood, it orter been my turn fust. I was de fust one heah.

DEACON. I takes 'em as dey comes. Yo' ain't heah—yo' is ober dar.

OPHELIA. Dat's case dem two females sqoose in ahead ob me.

DEACON. Well den yo' step right ober dis way. (*She comes forward.*) Elder, dis am Miss Ophelia Pearline Snowdrop. I will say right heah dat dese am free ob de mos' eligible young ladies in dis communerty. All free ob dem would make spankin' good wives fo' any nice respectable cullud gemman.

GIRLS. Now, Deacon!

ELDER. Young ladies, dis am a berry gweat pleasure I assuah yo'. (*He shakes hands of each in turn, the girls smiling very coquettishly.*) My heart is overflowin' wif joy. (*Suddenly to Deacon.*) But, Deacon, I suah has to disagree wif yo'. How could all free ob dem lubly young ladies be de wibes ob one lone man—'less he's a biggermist?

DEACON. Dat sho' am a fac', Elder. Dar would hab to be free men ob co'se.

ELDER. We shall suttinly see wat can be done about it. My fee fo' marriages am fibe dollahs—cash down. Nex'.

DEACON. De nex' am Rufus Rastus Simmons. He am known as de mos' shifless niggah in Hardscrabble County, but he sho' does know whar to fin' good chickens. An' dis am his wife, Lucindy Chloe Simmons. She likewise knows how to cook dem chickens so dey make yo' mouf run watah lak a wat'rin' trouf.

ELDER. Mistah Simmons an' Missus Simmons, I'se powahful glad fo' to make yo' 'quaintance. (*Shaking hands.*) De mention ob dem chickens jes' make my mouf watah aready. (*Rooster crows in kitchen.*) An' de 'magination am so real it jes' seems if I could *heah* dat fowl.

JEREMIAH. Reckon our 'maginations am all de same, Elder. Seems if I done heah dat same fowl myse'f.

DEACON. Let us proceed. Dis yer am Mistah Sam Augustus Porterhouse. He runs de barber shop aroun' de cornah. (*They shake hands.*) An' dis am his wife, Lilly Rosebud Porterhouse. (*Greetings.*) Dey am a berry congenial couple.

MRS. P. Congenial, did yo' say? We'se dat congenial dat if he comes home wif anudder jag lak he's done fo' free nights I'se gwine blow de top ob his haid clean plumb off.

ELDER. Why, Mis' Porterhouse, dat would be murdah.

MRS .P. Den murdah it am gwinter be.

ELDER. Ain't yo' got nuffin' to say 'bout it, Mistah Porterhouse?

SAM. No sah. If Lilly Rosebud says she's gwine to do it I spect she will.

ELDER. Well, den if dar mus' be murdah, remembah I preaches funeral sermons fo' ten dollahs apiece. Nex'.

DEACON. De nex' am one ob our mos' worthy citizens, Mistah Ebenezer Alexander Baldhead. (ELDER *and* EBEN *shake hands.*) An' dis am his wife, Tilly Arabella Baldhead. (*Greetings.*) De only trouble 'bout Mistah Baldhead is dat he lubs to shoot craps.

ELDER. Dat sho' am a turrible sin. I shall hab to remonstrate wif him. (*To* EBEN.) Mistah Baldhead, if yo' don't min' would yo' come ober some night so's I can do dat remonstratin' wif yo'?

EBEN. Yes sah, I'll be ober, Elder.

ELDER. An' come when yo' can stay a good long time 'case dat game is liable to be mighty interestin'. (*Half subdued oh's from others.*) 'Scuse me—I mean dat remonstratin' am sho' to be long an' mos' effective.

DEACON. Now heah we comes to anudder couple—Miss Liza Love Jackson (*shake hands.*) an' Mistah Jeremiah Cicero Perkins. (*Shake.*) Dey has already pronounced dere engagements.

ELDER. I wishes to congratulate yo' on takin' de fust step toward matermony. Marriage am a gweat institution, an' remembah—my fee am only fibe dollahs.

DEACON. Well now we've come to de las' one—Miss Deuteronomy Simmons. (*They shake hands.*) Miss Deuteronomy am de daughter ob Rufus an' Cindy an' a chip off de ol' blocks.

LUCINDY. Dar's whar yo' done fool yose'f. She ain't nuffin' tall lak her daddy. She's got mo' gumption an' git-up in her little toe dan he's got in his hull body.

RUFUS. Cindy!

LUCINDY. Dat's right—I knows wat I'se talkin' 'bout.

DEACON. Now Elder, yo' can see fo' yo'se'f wat yo'se up against. Yo'se got a mighty big job on yo' hands.

ELDER. Yes, Deacon, but as I reads betwix' de lines I sees de promise ob some gran' an' glorious times ahead. Glory hallelujah! Amen. (*To others.*) An' now, bredren an' sistren, I wanter say to yo' we is all banded togedder heah fo' to work in one common cause—fo' de upliftin' ob humanity an' fo' de sabin' an' unitin' ob souls. I spects yo'se all gwinter stan' by me an' wif me so long's I'm yo' pahstor. Does yo' promise?

OPHELIA. Oh Elder, I'se ready to promise anyting. I'se ready to stan' by yo' whedder yo'se our pasture or not.

JULIANA. I'se willin' to stan' by yo' fo' bettah or worse.

MANDY. I would nebber leab yo'. As de poet says:

"Two souls wif but a single thought,
Two hearts dat beat as one." (*Hands on heart.*)

SAM. Won't somebody ring dem idjots off?

MRS. B. If ebrybody will be seated, de young folks has got some pieces an' singin' fo' to entertain us wif. (*All take chairs and arrange them for the speaking.*) An' while dey's doin' it some ob de ladies will be gettin' de eatables ready. (MRS. P. *and* LUCINDY *leave room.*) De fust ting am a recertation by Deuteronomy Simmons.

(DEUTERONOMY *steps forward and recites.*)

## THE NEW PASTOR

We'se got a bran' new pastor—
He's come to preach an' pray—
To try to make us righteous
An' dribe our sins away.

He ain't so much to look at,
  No mo' dan yo' or me,
But he's a mighty good man—
  Dat's plain enuf to see.

His mouf am big an' gen'rous
  Wif nose a plenty too,
But de bestes' kin' ob beauty
  Is wat we say an' do.

His eyes am full ob sunshine;
  His smile am kin' an' sweet,
So whyfo' should it mattah
  'Bout de bigness ob his feet?

His soul am filled wif kindness
  An' gentle is his voice,
An' if yo' hears him laughin'
  'Twould make yo' heart rejoice.

We'se got a bran' new pastor;
  He's young an' full ob life,
But one ting suah am lackin'
  Our pastor needs a wife. (*She sits down.*)

EBEN. Good fo' yo', Deuteronomy. Good fo' yo'. Dat am berry 'propriate.

DEACON. Reckon de shoe fit yo' mighty well, don't it Elder?

ELDER. Wat shoe does yo' refer to?

DEACON. I means dat pome wat was jes' recited.

ELDER. Does yo' 'sinuate dat I'se got big feet an a big mouf?

DEACON. No, no, not dat. I mean 'bout de wife.

OPHELIA. Oh yes, Elder Jenkins, ebry parson should hab a wife to look aftah his household.

JULIANA. An' to 'sist him in his duties.

MANDY. An' to share his joys an' weep fo' his sorrows.

EBEN. I reckon he ain't lookin' fo' no weepin' woman wat spends her time wipin' her eyes 'stead ob de dishes.

SAM. Reckon he am bettah off 'thout no woman. Jes' take my advice an'—

ELDER. I tanks yo' fo' all yo' advice an' I'll considah de mattah later. Am dat all ob de program?

MRS. B. No, sah, de young ladies am gwine sing a song now. (*A duet, quartet or chorus may be given by the young ladies. Applause may follow and any suitable remarks. Other recitations and songs should be introduced with appropriate comments.*)

MRS. B. Dat am all ob de program fo' dis ebenin'.

ELDER. I jes' wanter say dat we has all been mos' highly eddificated by dis entertainment. I see yo' has some berry lamentable young people heah—I mean talentable young people. It am a gweat honah to be de pastor ob such a congregation.

RUFUS. Deuteronomy, go'n see if dey ain't mos' ready wif de 'freshments.

DEUT. Golly, I hopes dey is case I ain't hab no suppah yet. (*Runs out.*)

DEACON. Elder, yo'll fin dat de ladies ob dis communerty am berry luminated cooks an' de young ones am no exception to de rule. I jes' frows dat out fo' a hint, yo' understan.

ELDER. An' whyfo' hasn't yo' tooken de hint yo'se'f, I lak to know.

MR. P. Jes' wat I'd lak to know.

MRS. B. Jes' wat all ob us would lak to know.

DEACON. I might say it am jes' wat I would lak to know myself. I spect 'twould take too long to 'xplain it.

(*Enter* DEUTERONOMY.)

DEUT. Maw says it ain't ready yet. Dey ain't got de coffee steeped.

JEREMIAH. Wat is we gwine to do to 'muse ourselves wif till dat time comes?

MANDY. I know. Let's play "Snap an' Catch 'em." Will yo' jine in de game, Elder?

ELDER. How does yo' play it?

MANDY. Lawdy sakes! Don't yo' know how? It am heaps ob fun. Yo' sets some chairs close togedder—one lookin' dis way an' nudder one dis way an' so on (*motions*). Den a gal sots heah an' a man heah an' so on till dey's sotted. I takes "it" an' I calls on yo' who am settin' in one ob de chairs to get up an' den yo' runs roun' an' tries to git back in yo' chair but if I done kotch yo' first an' gibs yo' a rousin' big smack den yo'se "it".

JULIANA. Mandy Beanpod, I tink yo' is too mean fo' anyting. Yo' ain't gwine gib de Elder no smack nohow.

ELDER. Wat am a smack?

JULIANA. Goodness! How innocent yo' is! A *smack* am a *kiss,* dat's wat it am.

ELDER. Oh my, my! Deacon yo' was right. Dis am a berry wicked place. I shall hab to bring gweat pressure to beah upon dese young folks.

LIZA. Oh say! Can't we hab a dance?

MRS. B. Does yo' belieb in dances, Elder?

ELDER. If yo' means de "shimmy" dance or de "fox trot" or de "turkey trot" den I don't belieb in 'em. I don't belieb in nobody dancin' in dere shimmies. An' if de Lawd wanted us to be foxes an' turkeys he'd a made us foxes an' turkeys. De only dance I'se in fabor ob is de good ol' fashioned cake walk.

LIZA. Oh, let's hab a cake walk.

OTHERS. Yes, yes, let's hab a cake walk.

RUFUS. We'll hab to cleah de flo'. Jes' set de cheers roun' on de sides.

(*All move chairs to rear. Those not participating may be seated and proceed to talk low to each other. Music may be furnished by piano, or violin if one of the men can play the latter. .This dance may be made as elaborate as desired.*)

OPHELIA (*After dance has continued for a time*). Now it am my

turn to dance wid de Elder. (*She steps up to him and offers arm. The dance continues until* OPHELIA *appears to faint and is supported by the* ELDER.)

LIZA. My goodness! Wat am de mattah wif Miss Ophelia?

ELDER.. I tink she hab fainted.

(JULIANA *who is with the Deacon faints in his arms.*)

MR. P. Golly, dar's anudder one fainted. Hang to her, Deacon.

(MANDY *faints in* MOSE'S *arms.*)

LIZA. Oh look! Dar's Mandy done fainted too. My goodness! S'pose I done faint in yo' arms, Jeremiah?

JEREMIAH. Wha' fo' am de use ob it? We'se already engaged.

ELDER. Deacon, does yo' spose it am ketchin', or does yo' spose dey's pulled dem strings too tight?

DEACON. No sah, I reckon it am all a premeditated plot to kotch us po' suckers.

MOSES. An' I reckon we'se done swallered de bait hook 'n all.

ELDER. Oh de sins ob dis people—de wickedness ob dis congregation.

(*Enter* LUCINDY *and* MRS. P.)

LUCINDY. Ebrybody come now an' hab some 'freshments. It am on de table ready.

(*The girls revive suddenly and feign surprise.*)

GIRLS. O-oh! Wat's de mattah?

ELDER. Mattah? De mattah is dat yo' hab all played yo' cards well an' each one ob yo' holds a trump.

GIRLS. Oh, we'se so happy! We'se so happy!

RUFUS. Well, come on ebrybody. Dis am nuff to make a wooden injun hungry. Come erlong.

(*The rooster crows outside.*)

(*All pair off and file out of room singing some jolly negro song as the*)

CURTAIN FALLS

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